

PAINTED FACES.

The First Charm of a Woman Destroyed by the Rouge-Pot.

In spite of salves and oils and perfumes and baths, no woman ever had such care taken of her health and her person as the modern woman has. Indeed, so thoroughly is the care given nowadays that the unpleasant term, "well groomed," is applied to it, as if the object of the care were placed in the same category with the brute animals. For it is somewhat of a "horsey" age, and to a woman a thoroughbred is considered by many men and women, too, the best that can be said of her.

Although in classic times the bath seems to have been one of the chief features of life, yet in the medieval days—so had things changed—a lady's toilet, if not by any means a thing of brief or slight matter, had very little to do with the bath. When her hair was combed and braided with jewels, and her head-dress, her gowns and gown were arranged, the thing was done. Nor was there much bathing done in the days of rouge and patches. Ever less than a hundred years ago the habit of frequently bathing the entire person was called by the good, old, careful housewives a "nasty French fashion."

At the present day the first charm of a woman is the sense of cleanliness about her—the bloom on her skin, the luster in her hair, the sparkle of her teeth. This cleanliness is her wise effort to maintain, and if the least particle of what is known as "making up" should become apparent about her, she knows her charm is lost. The rouge pot, the hair's foot, the pencil for the eyebrows, the coral lip salve—there is a suspicion of the use of any of these, there will be left a hint, a suggestion of uncleanliness in the beholder's mind which utterly destroys anything accomplished by skill in the pictorial line; for no one who is not virtually an artist can use these articles so that she will not be discovered; and she who is discovered bears not only the stigma of having failed in her purpose, but of the vanity of caring too much for her appearance, but of having tried to cheat and been unsuccessful in that also. For the woman who makes up in her dressing-room never knows exactly what the effect is going to be in the full sunshine of outdoors, and she who powders and paints and pencils in the daylight has no notion of the effect of her work by candlelight; and she who puts on her bismuth and her antimony and goes to a ball or theater does not know at what moment the gas from the chandelier or from other sources is to streak her with moldy green and bistre-brown and blue.

The good grooming of the bath, the brisk rubbing of the brush, is really sufficient wherever there is any good degree of health. Those whom that does not make lovely will never look lovely in false colors, and it will make every one who is at all wholesome and healthy look more so, and in the long run the wholesome look is the greatest attraction of all. For when the beauty of early years has faded the perfectly healthy woman who never had beauty is bound to be more attractive than she who has neither beauty nor health, health itself being a beauty, and continuing a beauty into old age.

It is fortunate that good breeding and good taste have now become so general, and that the fine world has so much to preoccupy its thought and activity that the fancy for heightening or for interfering with the work of nature is found only in the most feather-brained and empty-headed.—Harper's Bazar.

FASHIONABLE LACES.

Guipure is a Suitable Trimming for

A little breath of favor was blown on delicate laces so long displaced for heavy cotton guipure and valenciennes and darned tulle are once again worn. The latter seems to owe its revival to the popularity of piece tulle. Guipures continue to be used, but it is to flat appliques that they are suited, and the lace is used in the collar and cuffs, and have quite a different expression. Both kinds are used in the following casino gown made by Nicaud: The materials are strawberry red taffeta and ecru batiste. Over the gown of taffeta is a skirt and low-necked sleeveless blouse of the batiste, making a transparency. The batiste has guipure in irregular patterns applied on the front, with the batiste cut out from under the lace, and is bordered with a net lace ruche about two fingers wide. The ruche borders the neck and armholes, the bottom of the skirt, and outlines some of the guipure insets near the foot. All the lace is yellowed to the same tone as the batiste. The lace is bordered with a ruffling stand out from the top of the collar band, and ruffling borders the wrists.

A great success has fallen to ecru batiste. Its function is to act as a transparency over color and make a background for ribbons. It harmonizes with everything; is the coloring of the fashionable manilla hats, and forms a more refined pattern applied on the front, with the batiste cut out from under the lace, and is bordered with a net lace ruche about two fingers wide. The ruche borders the neck and armholes, the bottom of the skirt, and outlines some of the guipure insets near the foot. All the lace is yellowed to the same tone as the batiste. The lace is bordered with a ruffling stand out from the top of the collar band, and ruffling borders the wrists.

Make five or six plates of rich paste; one pound of fresh butter, one quart of flour. Make it with ice water, rolling and putting butter thickly on one side. Sift the flour, and roll again, putting on more butter, and repeat this until all is used. Do not touch the cherries as for tart, and place the paste and fruit in alternate layers, and the pastry is baked and has had time to pastry. Cover the whole with whipped cream, heaped high. It is a beautiful and delicious dish.—Good Housekeeping.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

A Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Discovered by an Old Mexican Indian in the Ruins of an Ancient City.

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"How can we save ourselves by crawling here like rats in a wall?" I asked. "Don't think of the secret of the hiding place is known to those who live in the house, and they will drag us out and butcher us."

"The woman," Luis said, "that is known to none except herself, lord, for she declares that not two months ago, she discovered it for the first time by the accident of the broom with which she was sweeping the floor striking against the springs of the panel. And now let us come out for a while, for it is not yet eleven o'clock, and she says that there will be no danger till after midnight."

"Has she any plan for our escape?" I asked.

"She has a plan, though she is doubtful of its success. When the murderers have been found and gone they will think either that we are wizards or that we have made our way out of the house, and will search no more till dawn. By that time, lord, Luis will return and, entering the chamber by the secret entrance, will lead us to the chapel, whence she thinks that we may be able to escape."

"Where is this secret entrance, Molas?"

"I do not know, lord; she had no time to tell me, but the murderers will come by the door, and she will be there. She believes that a man and a woman are imprisoned near the chapel, though she knows nothing of them and never saw the place, because the Indians believe it to be haunted. Doubtless these two are Zibabai and his daughter, so that if you live to come so far you may find them there and speak with them. Some minutes before midnight we extinguished the light, and creeping one by one through the hole in the paneling, closed the door and looked out the little window. The darkness was awful, and as the warmth of the wine we had drunk passed from our veins our fears gathered thick upon us, and we were all trembling."

"Finally," the senior touched me. "Hark!" he whispered into my ear, "I hear men creeping about the room."

"For the love of God, be silent," I answered, gripping his hand.

CHAPTER IX.

Now we placed our ears against the paneling and listened. First we heard creaks that were loud in the stillness, then soft heavy noises such as are made by the feet of men in slippers on the ground, and a gentle rubbing as of stockings feet upon the floor. After this for some seconds there was silence, and then a sudden loud clanging of steel and the sound of heavy blows delivered upon some soft substance with swords and knives. The murderers were driving their weapons through the battlements, thinking that we all passed in the room. There were three of us, Don Jose, Don Smith, and four of their companions, all armed with knives or machetes, while framed, as it were, by the picture of the abbot, stood our host, Don Pedro, holding a candle above his head, and glaring with terrible eyes into every corner of the room.

"Where are they?" he said. "Where are the wizards? Find them quick and kill them."

"Now the men ran to and fro about the room, dragging aside the beds and staring at the pictures on the walls as though they expected to see us there. They were gone," said Jose at length. "That Indian, Ignatio, has conjured them away. He is a demonio and not a man. I thought it from the first."

"Impudent!" cried Don Pedro, who was white with rage and fear. The door had been watched ever since they entered it, and no living thing could force those bars. Search, search; they said. "Search yourself," answered Don Smith sullenly, "they're not here. Perhaps they discovered the trick of the door, and are crawling down the passage to the chapel."

"It cannot be," said Don Pedro again. "For just now I was in the chapel and saw no signs of them. We have some laces are used in the collar and cuffs, and have quite a different expression. Both kinds are used in the following casino gown made by Nicaud: The materials are strawberry red taffeta and ecru batiste. Over the gown of taffeta is a skirt and low-necked sleeveless blouse of the batiste, making a transparency. The batiste has guipure in irregular patterns applied on the front, with the batiste cut out from under the lace, and is bordered with a net lace ruche about two fingers wide. The ruche borders the neck and armholes, the bottom of the skirt, and outlines some of the guipure insets near the foot. All the lace is yellowed to the same tone as the batiste. The lace is bordered with a ruffling stand out from the top of the collar band, and ruffling borders the wrists."

"Fool! what is the use of dogs in a place where all of you have been trapped?" answered the father. "To-morrow at dawn we will try the other side, for these men must be found and killed or we are ruined. Tell those rascals to give up the search and go to bed. It is useless. Then do you come quietly to my room, and we will visit the Indian and his daughter. If we are to get their secret out of them it must be done to-night, for to-morrow the Englishman the story of the wine was in me, thinking that he would never live to repeat it."

"Yes, yes, must be done to-night, for to-morrow we must have to climb. But what if the brutes won't speak, father?"

"We will find means to make them speak," answered the old man, with a bloodless chuckle; "but whether they speak or not, they must be silent afterward," and he drew his hand across his forehead. "An hour passed while we stood in the hole trembling with excitement, hope, and fear, and then once more we heard cracks, followed presently by the sound of a voice whispering on the further side of the panel."

"Are you there, lord?" the whisper said. "It is I, Luis."

"Yes," I answered.

Now she touched the spring and opened the door.

"Listen," she said; "they have gone to sleep, but before dawn they will be up again to search for you far and wide. Therefore you must do one of two things—lie hid here, perhaps for days, or take your chance of escape at dawn."

"How can we escape?" I asked.

"There is but one way, lord, through the chapel. The door into it is locked, but I can show you a place from which you can escape into the garden through the window over the altar, which is broken, as I have seen from without, though to do so perhaps you will have to climb upon each other's shoulders. Then you must fly as swiftly as you can by the light of the moon, which has risen. The dogs have been gorged and tied up, so if the moon is in your friend you may yet go unharmed."

Now I spoke to the senior, saying: "Although the woman does not know but I think I likely shall find the Indian and his daughter are imprisoned

there, where Don Pedro and Jose have come to visit them. The risk is great; shall we take it?"

"Yes," answered the senior, after a moment's thought, "for it is better to take a risk than to perish by inches in this hole of starvation, or perhaps to be discovered and murdered in cold blood. Also we have traveled far and undergone much to find the Indian, and it is our chance of doing so we may get no other."

Now one by one we climbed through the false panel, and by the light of the moon Luis led us to the spot where hangs the picture of the abbot. This picture, which is on a painted slab of wood, proved to be a cunningly constructed door, constructed to swing upon a pivot.

Resting her knee on the threshold, Luis scrambled into the passage beyond, and when the rest of us stood by her side she closed the panel, and bidding us to cling to one another, and be silent, she took me by the hand and we slipped us through various passages till at length she whispered:

"Be cautious, now, for we come to the place whence you drop into the night, and there is a stairway to your right."

We passed the stairway and turned the corner, Luis still leading.

Next instant she staggered back into my arms, murmuring: "Mother of heaven! the ghosts! the ghosts! I had I had I had held her she would have found me!" I pushed forward, finding myself standing in a small recess that was placed about ten feet above the floor of the chapel, and, like other places in this house, so arranged that the light from the altar, authority, without being seen himself, could see and hear all that passed beneath him.

Of one thing I am sure, that during all the generations that have passed since the first of the world, no monk watching here ever saw a stranger, sight than that which met my eyes. The chance of the chapel was lit up by the light of the moon, which poured through the broken window, and by a lamp which stood upon the stone altar. Within the circle of strong light there were four men and a woman, namely, Don Jose, an old Indian, and a girl.

On either side of the altar, then, as now, rose two carved pillars of sapote wood, the tops of which were shaped like the figure of angels, and to these columns the old Indian and the woman were tied, one to each column, their hands being bound together at the back of the pillars in such a manner as to render them absolutely helpless. My eyes first rested upon the senior, who stood to me, and seeing her, even as she was, he heaved and with pain and hunger, with her proud face distorted by agony of mind and impotent rage, I no longer wondered that a child of Don Pedro had raved about her beauty.

She was an Indian, but such an Indian as I had never known before, for as color she was of a golden brown, dark and waving hair hung in masses to her knees. Her face was oval and small-featured, and in it shone a pair of wonderful eyes, which, like the clinging white robe she wore, revealed the loveliness of her tall and delicate shape.

Bad as was the girl's plight, that of the old man, her father, who was other than the Zibabai we had come to seek, seemed even worse. He was, as Molas had described him, thin and very old, with white hair and beard, hawk-like eyes, and aquiline features. Nor had Don Pedro spoken more than the truth when he said he looked like a king.

"What shall we try him with now?" said Don Jose, addressing Don Pedro; "hot stool or cold? Make up your mind, for I am getting tired. Well, if you won't, just make up your mind, will you? Now friend," he went on, addressing the Indian, "for the last time I ask you to tell us where is that temple full of gold which you spoke of to your daughter in my father's hearing?"

"There is no such place, white man," he answered sullenly.

"Indeed, friend. Then will you explain to me just those little ingots which we captured from the Indian who had been visiting you, and whence came this machete?" and he pointed to the weapon in his hand.

It was a sword of great beauty, as I could see, but of hardened copper, and having for a handle a female figure with outstretched arms fashioned in solid gold.

"The machete was given to me by a friend," said the Indian. "I do not know where he got it."

"Really," answered Jose, "you must go forward or perish."

Then she dashed into the milps, and we followed her, till at length we were upon the cultivated land and standing in the Indian's garden.

"Where to now?" I said, for the place was strange to me.

The girl Maya looked round her, then she glanced up at the heavens.

"Follow me," she said. "I know a way," and started down the garden at a run.

Presently we came to a wall the height of man, beyond which was a thick hedge of aloes which we forced our way through and found ourselves in a milpa, or cornfield. Here the girl Maya, who had been leading us, turned and at that moment we heard sounds of shouting, and looking back, saw lights moving to and fro in the hacienda.

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"Kill them as they would have killed us," answered Molas; "or, if you fear the task, cut loose the old man under and let him avenge his and his daughter's wrongs."

"What say you, Ignatio?"

"I seek no man's blood, but for our own safety it is well that these wretches should die. Away with them!"

Now Don Pedro began to blast inarticulately in his terror, and that hero, Jose, burst into tears and pleaded for his life, writhing with pain the while, for the point of the sword seared his flesh.

"You are an English gentleman," he groaned; "you cannot butcher a helpless man as though he were an ox."

From the moment that I saw the chamber yonder, us, who saved your life," answered the senior. "You are right. I cannot do it, because, as you say, I am an English gentleman. I have a sword by your side, and I have one in my hand; I will not murder you, but we have a quarrel and we will settle it here now."

"You are mad, senior," I said. "To risk your life thus. I myself will kill him and his daughter if it comes to that."

"Will you fight if I loose you, Jose Moreno?" he said, making me no answer, "or will you be killed where you stand?"

"I will fight," he replied.

"Good. Let him free, Molas, and be ready with your knife."

"I command you," I began, but already the man was loose and the senior stood waiting for him, his back to the door and the Indian machete handed with the golden woman in his hand.

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And now I must tell of my own folly that went near to bringing us all to death. The Indian, who was holding Don Pedro, and in my joy and agitation I slackened my grip, so that with a sudden twist he was able to tear himself from my hands, and in the twinkling of an eye was on his feet.

I bounded after him, but too late, for as I reached the door I slammed in my face, nor could I open it, for on the other side of the door was a heavy door, and I was unable to open it.

"Fly," I cried, rushing back to the altar; "he has escaped, and will presently be here with the rest."

But the door was already engaged in severing with his sword the rope that bound the girl, while Molas cut loose her father. Now I leaped upon the altar, and springing at the stone-work of the broken window made shift to push myself up with the help of Molas pushing from below. Seated upon the window ledge I leaned down, with my hands on the wall, and with my feet on the floor, I dragged him to me and bade him drop without fear to the ground, which was not more than ten feet below. Next came his daughter, then the senior, and last of all Molas, so that within three minutes from the escape of Don Pedro we stood unhurt on the outside of the chapel among the bushes of a garden.

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DISCOVERY OF MAPLE SUGAR.

Like Many Others, It Was Accidental, If the Indian Story Is True.

It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or sign-making intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously indicated a barbarous wound with his stone hatchet, and with a stone gouge cut a place for a spout, so far setting the fashion, which was long followed by white men, with only the difference of better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking a hint from his little red brother, Niquanese, the squirrel, who taps the smooth-barked branches, broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner and sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen koksks, or pots, some of which had a capacity of several gallons. According to Indian myths, it was taught by a Heaven-sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, to have a choice cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return, and that she might be reminded of the time stuck a stake in the snow, and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would fall. She promised strict compliance, and as he departed he saw the desired titbit with her sharpest stone knife, and, filling her best koks with clean snow for melting, hung it over the fire. Then she sat down on a bearskin and began embroidering a pair of moccasins with variously dyed porcupine quills.

This was a labor of love, for the moccasins, of the finest deer skin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the koks was forgotten till the bark cord that suspended it was burned off, and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overture vessel from the embers and, as she did so, a stick thrust into its four-cornered mouth, and when it was cool enough to handle she repaired it with a new bail of bark, and the koks was ready for service again. But the shadow of the stake had swung so near toward the mark that she knew there was not time to melt snow to boil the deer.

Happily, she bethought her of the great maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant drink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the koks with sap and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient watching, it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the sample ration of moose meat into it and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the tilted slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the sharp point of each thread supplied its own needle.

The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's totem of the bear, was becoming so lifelike that it could easily be distinguished from the wolves, eagles and turtles of the other tribal clans. In imagination she already beheld the moccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis, now stealing in awful silence along the war path, now on the neck of the fallen foe, now returning jubilant with triumph or fleeing homeward from defeat.

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FED ON A FROZEN MAMMOTH.

An Arctic Missionary Saved from Starvation by Meat of the Pleistocene Age.

A private letter received from a mission station at the mouth of the Mackenzie river, within the Arctic circle, gives an account of the narrow escape of a missionary and party of Eskimos from death by starvation. The letter says that the missionary, with a half-dozen Eskimo attendants, started for a distant village of Eskimos to hold services. Mackenzie bay being open, they went by boat. To keep clear of drift ice, they followed the shore line as closely as possible.

On the third day out a heavy wind sprang up, and they were compelled to land. The next morning they found themselves prisoners, pack ice having been driven ashore by wind and current, and had been fast for several days, followed by intermittent gales and snowstorms, continuing for a fortnight, during which time the party was unable to travel and the provisions ran out. For three days they were without food, and they were face to face with starvation. Then the missionary urged the Eskimos to go out and see if they could not find a stray ptarmigan or a few bones protruding from the frozen earth. He called a companion, and the latter recognized the bones at once as ivory tusks, and decided to secure them. The two men went to work with their axes and choppers, away the ground, and, much to their amusement, began cutting out frozen flesh, perfectly preserved. They secured a quantity of this and hastened back to camp, where they told their story and displayed their find. The missionary, who was something of an archaeologist, concluded that the animal from which the flesh came was a prehistoric mammoth, and he knew, too, from his reading, that the flesh was good to eat, and the whole party that afternoon rejoiced their famished stomachs, and lived on the flesh for three weeks, when they were able to proceed on their journey. The missionary secured the tusks, which measured eight feet in length. He made an examination of the place where the carcass is embedded, and thinks that the body of the animal is not complete. It is lying on its back, and the hind portion and legs seem to have been broken off. He intends to make further investigations during the summer. The ground in the region is perpetually frozen. The mission considers that the discovery of the mammoth was a miraculous act of Providence to save himself and the members of his party from starvation. They had sufficient oil with them to thaw the flesh and make it palatable.

Bones of mammoths have before been found in the region east of the mountains, but this is the first time on record that a carcass with flesh on it has been discovered. In point of time the mammoth belongs exclusively to the post-tertiary, or pleistocene, epoch of geologists.—N. Y. Sun.

CYCLE RIDING.

Knees-Up-to-Chin Position Not a Pretty One for Girls.

One of the most serious difficulties encountered by the learner of cycling, especially of the softer sex, is the desire of makers and teachers to drill her into what may, for want of a better phrase, dub the monkey-on-the-stick attitude, so much affected among the park riders. The familiar toy of childhood, when in repose, has its knees up to its chin and its hands at about the same level, and for some good and sufficient reason that is considered the right attitude by many. Now, says an authority on cycling, we do not from adopting the "scorcher" attitude, with the saddle far back, the handles well down, and the rider pulled absurdly forward; but there is something between the two poses which is much more correct from all points of view—that is, an easy upright attitude, fairly over the pedals, with the handle bar just high enough to cause the arms to be slightly bent when the rider sits upright.

Another of the learner's most serious difficulties is to overcome the tendency to hurry matters. The balancing of a cycle, and the more deliberately, with-in reason, of course, the attempt is made the sooner will success attend the effort. Many of the difficulties of the balance are accentuated by the machines upon which the essay is made; they are the wheeled toys of the child, and so on, but they are good enough for the work they are used for, and the learner's sensations after relinquishing the learning machine and mounting a trim and new bicycle are those of astonishment and pleasure at the comparative ease with which the previously difficult tasks are accomplished.

Another point often sadly worries the learner—the question of mounting. Indeed, the fact that the novice "can't mount" is often quite a serious worry, which makes the learner despondent.

The present writer, with 22 years' experience of continuous cycling on all sorts of cycles, has probably not used the step to mount with 25 times in the last 12 months. It is so much more simple to mount from the curb, or the grass bank at the roadside, and the expert does so as often as not.—St. James Budget.

A Snake's Power to Charm.

A tale of a man who resides near by was convinced by watching a bird and its mate worrying a snake under a tree in which they had built their nest, that snakes do not charm birds, says the Washington Super Table. It was at first thought the bird was charmed by the snake, but after watching the actions of the two for awhile he found that the bird always kept out of reach of the snake—"so near and yet so far." After several minutes of that kind of teasing of his snakeish bird the would go up in the tree and its mate would come down and go through the same maneuvers. In this way they kept the snake from climbing the tree to their nest and destroy their little family. It is being "hypnotized" by the snake the birds showed reasoning power and cunning superior to the snake. It would be interesting to know if any of our readers ever saw a snake charm a bird.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Drawing the Line.

The turkey buzzard suddenly drew in a long breath.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with a pained look, "another season of political activity has opened. I can detect the march of the campaign." It is a pity the discriminating bird flew far, far to the northward, across the Canadian line.—Chicago Tribune.

Some of the Demons of Suddenly.

The sudden elevation from poverty to riches is generally accompanied by sometimes startling and always amusing manifestations. Nine men out of ten, when they find the gaudy wolf of hunger and inconvenience forever banished from their door first think of the money point in a fancied) snub, and then they consider the point in conformity to the necessities of their newly-acquired fortune, and they invest forthwith in as costly a house and grounds as they can afford. Some take extreme delight in parading the fruits of their new wealth before those of their neighbors whose opulence is of more mature age, and who have therefore offered many a fancied) snub, and then they consider the point in conformity to the necessities of their newly-acquired fortune, and they invest forthwith in as costly a house and grounds as they can afford. Some take extreme delight in parading the fruits of their new wealth before those of their neighbors whose opulence is of more mature age, and who have therefore offered many a fancied) snub, and then they consider the point in conformity to the necessities of their newly-acquired fortune, and they invest forthwith in as costly a house and grounds as they can afford.

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